/8 cont./

851 Birth and death of the first-born. The father must pay the expenses of pregnancy and delivery, as well as those occasioned by the celebration of the birth of his first child, and he is expected to offer a special feast at his own expense at the place where the birth occurred. The news of the birth of the child spreads rapidly and draws relatives and friends from all parts. At midday the dance, which lasts all night, begins, in which the [534] single women and all the men take part. The rhythm is supplied [535] by a double-headed drum made of deer or goat hide. The dancing takes place within a large circle, around the edges of which the couples participating and the curious onlookers gather. The women attend in their finest dresses without forgetting their ornaments (necklaces, bracelets, and anklets) and wear wound round the head a handkerchief, which falls over the shoulder, and have their faces very carefully painted. The men wear broad belts wonderfully embroidered and feather headpieces.

[273] The father must supply his guests with Guajiro rum or with smuggled foreign liquor. Also chicha (made from chewed corn) [541] is prepared and is served liberally. Apart from the dancing there may be horse racing, if the people are rich, and for this they bring their finest animals. At dawn the next day cattle, if the father is rich, and goats are slaughtered, which are prepared and divided among the participants according to their importance in the family, the group, and the total collectivity in general. All the participants return to their homes by sunrise.

[431] In addition to the father, the maternal and paternal relatives join in the celebration of the birth, bringing gifts for the newly born. The father also makes him a present of heads of livestock, [428] which constitute almost the only inheritance he will get during his lifetime, as it is the nephews of the father, (sons of his sister) who inherit the capital and not the sons, according to law, when the marriage has been carried out according to the Guajiro rite.

851 The paternal grandfather also shows his recognition and 431 generosity toward his grandson. If he owns livestock, he is 603 obliged to give a pair of each -- horses, burros, cows, goats,

[135 cont.]

536 796 pretend to be eating and playing tranquilly. The devil, another Indian, taking advantage of the carelessness of the men who are occupied with their fun, and covered as always with his black robe, enters the cloud to do them evil. Immediately a fight starts up between the Indians and the devil. In the end the cloud traps the devil and emerges triumphant in the play.

5. The horse race. Horse racing is the sport or trial of 541 536 796 prowess most practiced in the ordinary life of the Guajiro. In this sport they try to bring to the fore the name of the horse and the skill of the jockey. In all the large fiestas a number of horse [538] races are always staged, and such is their enthusiasm for them that they are frequently mentioned in some stories told by the natives. [136]

536 539 796 During the Fiesta of the Kid two groups are formed which, as in the previous cases, are under the direction of their respective leaders. Each group has assigned to it an equal number of men, representing so many race horses. The race course having been previously marked out with its starting point and finishing post, one of the singers begins by referring to the goodness of his horse, praising its speediness. The other replies in an identical tone, using eulogistic concepts regarding his animal. They soon arrange a match which they put into practice. One of them says: "There goes my roan horse; he is swifter than the clouds and the wind and braver than any other in La Guajira." The other sings: "This is my chestnut horse. I am sure that he will win because he is swifter than the deer." They start off their horses and run the race. Following them, race another pair, then another, until all the competitors have taken part.

825 241 536 796 The bees and the fruit thieves. There is a kind of small bee in the peninsula which the Indians call wáya. These bees make their nests in trees or in hollow tree trunks. If a blow is struck near the hive, the bees swarm out, attacking and getting into the hair of anybody standing nearby. They get inside the intruders' clothes and swarm all over them, crawling over their bodies, buzzing angrily, bothering their enemies until they are in a state of desperation. The Indians have a habit of collecting 536 796 hives of these bees and placing them at the entrance to their fields, making use of the bees to defend their harvest from thieves.

7:Bolinder T-5 (1920, 1955) 1957
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In another game the dangerous spirit Yoruyá attacks and kills Indian after Indian till he is set upon by them all and killed; in yet another the Indians hide in a cloud made of cloaks, when the spirit forces its way in, but it is captured by the cloud and vanquished.

Horse-racing is one of the Indians' greatest pleasures at their festivities, but they also indulge in it—without horses—as a game in connection with the dances. Very amusing and picturesque is a game in which they imitate hunting a kind of bird that plunders the seed in their fields. The Indians pretend to be trying to scare them and catch them in nets. Here the seed is represented by some children, some of the men are the birds, others the hunters who catch the birds in their hammocks and then wring their necks!

Another game represents a fight between jaguars and dogs. The strongest of the men are made the jaguars, for these have to win. Then there is a snake game in which men and women crawl along together, imitating the movements of a snake and singing the snake song: 'I am the snake. I creep along the ground. I do harm to none, but punish those who try to trample me. Long must he suffer, who tramps upon me because he thinks me defenceless since I creep on the ground. He must suffer and die.' There are endless variations; but a dance lasts so long that a little variety is necessary.

Once the upper-class dance, the chichamaya, was over, Mauana's people gladly showed us all their games and dances even though it was not the right time of year.

As we were riding home the next day we encountered several companies of Indians returning from a burial-feast. Among them was a young man in a beautifully woven mantle, who joined up with us. He spoke good Spanish and obviously belonged to the upper class. Francisco told him about us, and he was eager that we should be his guests that same day, since his rancho lay on our route. He said that he had a few things that I might well find interesting and he himself would like to see one of my pistols. (Francisco had evidently described how they smoked and made a bang.) Some of the Indians accompanying us now became